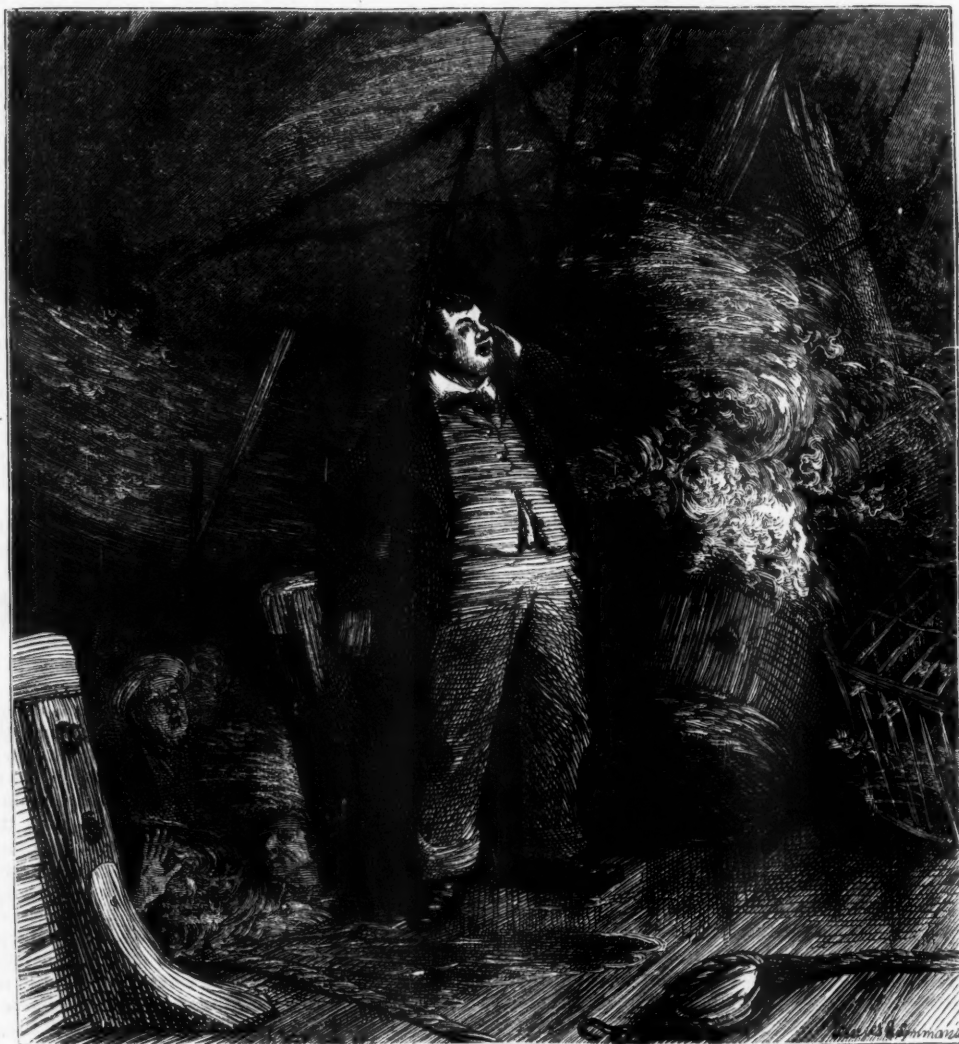


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courper.*



"IS EVERY ONE OUT OF THE SHIP?" SHOUTED THE CAPTAIN.

LOMBARDY COURT:

A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE POST OF HONOUR.

"Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges' threat."—*Shakespeare.*

ONE of the first sounds which made itself audible, after the first commotion caused by the crash-

ing of the timbers and the overthrow of everything that was moveable upon the deck had subsided a little, was the voice of Mrs. Carlton calling out in an agony of terror for her son. Reginald was in the scuppers, trying in vain to clamber up the steep incline of the deck upon his hands and knees. Captain Chubb, who had hold of a rail, grasped him by the arm, and steadying him on his way, bade him go down into the cabin and keep quiet there till he should come to him. "Tell your mother not to be

No. 1367.—MARCH 9, 1878.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

afraid," he said, "but to get ready at once to leave the ship; we shall be all right yet, please God."

He was speaking rapidly, and turned away before he had finished to attend to other duties. The boy obeyed as quickly as he could; but before he could quit the deck he heard the order given to get the boats ready, and saw the men hastening past him as well as they could to the davits.

The damage done to the vessel was too great to be mistaken. She had recovered herself a little after the first blow, but still lay over on her side, and was rolling in the trough of the sea like a log. Her deck was cumbered with fallen spars, and with various kinds of lumber which had been flung violently from one side to the other; and as other parts of the rigging kept continually breaking loose, fresh dangers threatened the seamen every moment and hindered them in the performance of their duty. The topmasts had fallen overboard, but were held to the ship's side by the shrouds and stays; and the carpenter and his mate were quickly on the spot with axes in their hands to cut them away, in order that the ship might right herself. But Captain Chubb stopped them with a voice of thunder, and bade them wait for orders. "Down below," he cried, "and inspect damages; then come back directly and report."

The chief mate went with the carpenter, and returned in a very few minutes. Their report was lamentable; yet scarcely worse than might have been anticipated. The water was rushing through the ship's side like a mill-stream; there was a great rent extending from below the water-line upwards to the chains; and it was seen at once that if the vessel should be disencumbered of the wreckage which had fallen on the other side, she would, in righting, present a larger opening to the waves, and fill with much greater rapidity. Captain Chubb's discretion and foresight had gained them time, but it was plain that the final catastrophe could not be long averted. A sail was brought and lowered over the ship's side, in the hope that being sucked into the hole it might check the flow of water; but the damage was too great for such a measure to be of any permanent avail; and while as many of the crew as could be spared were thus employed, Charles Peterson and the black cook working side by side with equal energy, though very unequal strength, the rest were hurrying to and fro to furnish the boats as well as the exigencies of the moment would admit, and to prepare for lowering them into the water. It was evident to all that the ship must sink, and that rapidly, in spite of all that they could do; if the broken masts and hamper, which helped to keep her on her beam-ends, and which the carpenter had been so eager to cut away, should break loose, it might be a question of minutes only.

But though not a moment was lost in making the boats ready, their chief hope lay in the conviction, strong in the mind of each of them, that the ship which had been the cause of their disaster would presently return and take them all on board; there was, indeed, too much reason to fear that she also had suffered damage, and might be in peril; but a blow given end on with the bows would not be nearly so destructive to the assailants as to the ship attacked. Lights were burnt, therefore, and guns fired on board the *Daphne* in order to attract the attention of those in the other ship, and so enable them to see where she was lying, and in how great and imminent danger. But the vessel which had done them this mischief was

not in sight. As far as the light penetrated nothing but the tops of the threatening waves were to be seen. She must have gone about, they all said, and would approach them again presently.

Meantime they had become aware of fresh difficulties in respect to the boats. Notwithstanding Mr. Terry's inspection on the previous day, it was found that the best of them were now unserviceable. The launch was inboard, and so cumbered with the top hamper which had fallen upon it, that it would be impossible to clear her, and if cleared there would not have been time to get her over the side. One of the quarter boats had been stove in at the moment of the collision; that also had to be abandoned. The other quarter boat was quickly furnished with such provisions and other necessaries as could be gathered together in haste, and was reported ready for lowering. The jolly-boat, which hung over the stern, was also prepared, and the seamen stood ready to drop them both into the sea at the proper moment.

It was impossible to place in either of them any quantity of provisions, the peril was so imminent, and the danger of procuring anything from between decks was so great. They could only hope, therefore, that they should immediately be taken on board the other ship, and expected every moment to see her lights appearing through the mist, or to hear the sound of oars from the boats coming to their relief.

During this busy, anxious time the man who was burning the lights continued steadily at his post, looking out for the ship in which lay their chief hope of safety, but seeing nothing of her.

"She cannot have gone down so quickly as all that," the skipper said, when he had time to exchange a few words in consultation with his officers. "She cannot be far off; she must have lain to or gone about, and we must be drifting towards her. What can be the meaning of it? They must know our danger; they could never intend to leave us in this desperate plight. Impossible!"

They all agreed with him that it was "impossible." Yet, unless the ship had sailed away from them before the wind, it was difficult to understand how she could have disappeared so rapidly; and if she had intended to return to them, she would most probably have displayed lights, or fired a gun, or given them some other token of her whereabouts, to comfort them and keep up their courage in their extremity.

Captain Chubb's heart failed him when he thought it all over; but he said very little. They must rely upon their own resources, at all events, and be prepared, as far as it was possible to make preparation, for the worst. They must do what they could to save life, to prolong life, to stretch out their chance of rescue. He did not like the word "chance," though he made use of it. Chance was, according to his meaning of it in such a case, man's supreme effort waiting for God's furtherance and help. He would not give in, nor cease from any exertion in the way of duty, and then he must abide the issue in faith and patience. "There's help above," the captain said to himself, "when all help fails below. If the other ship was seriously damaged, she might have enough to do to take care of herself. Even if she were tolerably sound, which is scarcely to be expected, her commander might not choose to return to us." Captain Chubb had heard of such things, or he would not have insulted any one of his fellow-creatures by supposing it possible. He had heard

of men, of a nationality not wholly uncivilised or barbarian, calling themselves sailors, too, by whose recklessness or ignorance a ship laden with human beings had been cut down to the water's edge, who had heard the passionate, agonising cry of a hundred voices of men, women, and children, borne to them upon the wind, and had turned away, cowardly, pitiless, inhuman, leaving them to perish. If such things had not happened to his certain knowledge, he would never have believed them possible. Such monstrous selfishness, such brutal indifference, such a cowardly fleeing from the consequences of a fault comparatively trivial, by the commission of a crime great beyond conception, would have been incredible, not to a brave sailor only, as was Captain Chubb, but to the world. But these things had come to pass, and therefore might be again. Meantime precious moments were flying, and not one of them must be lost. The captain therefore descended to the cabin, where Mrs. Carlton and her son were found clinging to one another in the greatest anxiety and terror, but endeavouring to comfort and encourage each other even in the depths of their distress. Reginald had repeated again and again what Captain Chubb had said: "They should be all right, please God; they were not to be alarmed; the other ship would surely take them off." They had confidence in their captain, both of them; but their only sure ground of hope in this extremity was in a higher Power. The mother's thoughts went up to heaven in fervent ejaculations for divine help, and she taught her little son to join his prayers with hers while they were waiting.

"What are we to do?" cried Mrs. Carlton, the moment Captain Chubb appeared in the cabin. He had found the door jammed, and had battered it to pieces with an axe; and even this trifling difficulty seemed to add more terror to the moment. "Oh! captain, what are we to do?"

"To the boats," said the skipper, calmly; "they are waiting."

Taking hold of them, and helping them along, he brought his passengers to the ship's side, where the waves were rolling now within two or three feet of the gangway, which had before been high above them. There was the less distance for them to be lowered, and, for the same reason, the less time to do it in. The larger boat was first filled, and then lay off at a short distance, waiting. The jolly-boat was also lowered safely, but by that time it was evident that the ship was settling down.

"Come, captain! come!" cried several voices from the boats.

"Is every one out of the ship?" he said to the chief mate, who had relieved the man at the lights, and was igniting the last of them with his own hand.

"Everybody but you and me, sir," was the answer.

"Where's Chalk? I saw him here just now."

"He was on deck a minute ago. Gone over the side, no doubt, with the rest."

The captain lingered for a moment, and shouted as loud as he could for Chalk, but no one answered.

"All clear," said the mate. "Come, sir, or you will be lost!"

The ship was staggering; the deck was rising, breaking up under their feet; the gangway was a few inches from the sea level, and the waves washed over it. There was a rushing, roaring sound below,

and the men in the boats lifted their voices, again bidding their captain save himself at once.

The skipper took the mate by the shoulder and pushed him to the gangway. "I must be the last man," he said.

The mate yielded; he would have disputed the point with him, but knew that it would be useless. This was the captain's prerogative; as he took precedence of every one on board at other times, so now he claimed his right to be the last to turn from danger. As they sprang one after another from the ship, a wave, caused perhaps by the lurching of the vessel, drove the boats away from them, and they were unable to reach the eager hands held out to meet them. The next moment the ship's head sank beneath the waves; she rested for a second or two in that position, the stern being slightly raised; then the waters opened; the huge hulk sank bodily and slowly down, and the waves, rushing after her with a great roaring and tumult, seemed to follow her and dive with her. Everything that floated near was sucked down into the vortex, reappearing soon afterwards many yards away with a bound; but the ship herself, which had been for so many weeks the floating home of some five-and-twenty living souls, was gone for ever.

The men in the boats, who had plied their oars vigorously to avoid the imminent peril of being sucked down with the ship, now turned to the spot again, sweeping the surface with their eager eyes for the mate and captain. The former had clasped a spar, and was picked up almost insensibly; the latter was nowhere to be seen. As minute after minute passed away the hope that he would be saved grew fainter, and every heart sank. The men who had been holding on to the ship's side with their boathooks were attacked with angry and contemptuous words for having let go just at the moment when the captain would have stepped into it. It was not their fault, and they said so. The boathook had been wrenched out of the hand of one of them; and the other showed the remains of the broken shaft, which had snapped in two while yet in his grasp. It was a providential thing for those in the boat that she had been carried away on the crest of a wave at the moment when the ship went down, or all on board her might have been lost; but there were high words about it, though only for a moment. Some of those who had been loudest in their reproaches felt their voices choked, and could scarcely refrain from sobbing. They all knew now how much they had admired and loved their brave, genial, honest, faithful skipper. Gone! gone! There was no longer any hope; they looked every way for him over the dark restless billows, balancing their ears ready for instant action, but not knowing which way to pull, and desperate in the feeling of their utter helplessness. Gone! gone! they should never see him again! Such was the desolating thought that filled their hearts and made them all forget for the moment their own critical and miserable condition in their care and grief for him.

"There!" cried Reggie, suddenly; "what's that moving? Look! look! look!" he was stretching his head over the gunwale and peering into the darkness, and seemed as if he would have fallen into the sea in his eagerness.

"There, there!" he cried again, "quick, quick!" He was so urgent and so agitated, and the men had so much confidence in his quickness of sight and instinct that they bent immediately with all their weight

and power to their oars, pulling in the direction which he indicated without stopping to look for the object pointed at. The man at the bow, however, saw it before they had gone many yards; it was black, but it was moving, it was alive. It could not be the captain; still it was a living creature of some sort, and they must save it.

"Where's Chalk?" said one of the men, looking round him. Chalk was not in the boat. Had he been left on board? None of them had seen him or thought of him. Could this be he? The question occurred probably to the mind of each man, but they were too busy to speak.

Yes; it was he. They were disappointed, but did not abate one jot of effort to recover him. He was swimming powerfully, as they knew he could; but something seemed to hinder him. They lost sight of him in the deeper gloom of the furrows, but recognised his staring eyes as he rose again upon the top of a wave, close to them; the boat swept past and eager hands were thrust out to grasp him; twice they missed him, for he was unable to lift a hand to them or to assist their efforts, but the third time they caught him and held him fast.

"Dar!" he cried, with a great effort, and swallowing a quantity of water as he opened his mouth.

"Dar!" he screamed again, as they were trying to lift him out of the water, and he resisting.

"Dar!" once more broke from his lips; and his head jerked violently and impatiently towards his left shoulder.

Then they understood him. Clasped round the neck with his left arm was another form which he was vainly trying to lift above the waves and which the efforts of the men for his own rescue had almost forced him to relinquish. Reggie was again the first to see it and to lay hold of it; and a stronger arm than his came instantly to his succour. As they raised it the head fell back, and they recognised the face of Captain Chubb, pale, lifeless, immovable.

"Dar!" said the black man again, with one hand upon the gunwale. "Steady now—dar!"

CHAPTER XX.—THE BOAT.

"Nil nisi pontus et aer."—Ovid.

THE boat into which Captain Chubb was received was the larger of the two which had been made available. In it were the first mate, Mr. Terry, the third mate, and ten men and boys of the crew, besides Mrs. Carlton and Reginald. To this number the black man and the captain were now added, making sixteen all told. In the other boat were Charles Peterson, Jack Salter, and seven others. As soon as the first excitement had subsided a little, heads were counted; and as the boats were within hail of each other, the numbers were compared and were found to be complete. Some of the men had been injured by the falling spars, and the captain was insensible, and to all appearance dying. But all had been rescued from the waves, and there was great cause for thankfulness so far. The chief mate took command of the boats as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to exert himself; and his first care was to see that they were properly trimmed, and to make such a disposition of the men and other occupants as the circumstances of the case required. There was a compass in the larger boat; Captain Chubb had seen to that; but it was too dark to make use of it, and it would require all their skill and care to keep the two

boats together, and to maintain themselves afloat till daylight, still cherishing the hope that they should be picked up sooner or later by the vessel which had run them down. The captain was laid down gently in the stern sheets; and there Mrs. Carlton sat all through that terrible night, with his head in her lap, protecting him from the spray which broke over them, and doing everything that she could think of or others could suggest to restore him to consciousness. They chafed his hands and feet, and managed to restore their warmth and circulation: but he gave no signs of returning consciousness. Everything in the boat was saturated with water; and whatever means they possessed of striking a light was for the time rendered useless. It was impossible, therefore, to ascertain what injuries he had sustained, and they could only conjecture that he had come in contact with some part of the wreck when sucked down by the sinking ship. The black cook was questioned as to his part in the matter, but could give very little information. The men were lavish in their praises of him, and patted him on the shoulder, and shook him by the hand as they had never done before; and Chalk showed his teeth at the first moment of excitement, and grinned hideously with mingled satisfaction and disdain, but settled down afterwards in the fore part of the boat, and maintained his usual habit of reserve and seeming indifference. He had "seen captain in water, and went after him, that was all; captain not drowned, but hurted; take him care you."

They did take care of him as far as care was possible at such a time. Little Reggie sat on the floor of the boat by his side, and tried to warm his hands in his own breast, and sometimes laid his face down upon the captain's rough cheeks, and bedewed them with his tears, and kissed his lips and forehead. What could he do for him? How could he help him? that was the child's first impulse, and that was the thought uppermost in the mind of all of them. As the night wore slowly on, marked only by the rising and setting of the stars on the horizon, it was for his sake chiefly that they counted the hours, longing for the morning. There was no moon, and no prospect of any just then, as they knew too well, and the boats were so low in the water that the waves seemed to rise around them and to overwhelm them with their shadows. The men at the oars were compelled to watch the billows, constantly putting the boat's head to wind and sea; others were baling incessantly; and, notwithstanding all their care, they were often in jeopardy in the course of the night. But fear for themselves was almost forgotten in the anxiety they felt for their captain, who still lay insensible, breathing heavily, and with a stertorous noise that made itself heard, and it might almost be said felt, by all who were in the boat. They were in alarm, also, about the other boat and its living cargo. The mate had hailed it from time to time, and had received at first a faint and distant answer to his shout; but the distance between the two boats had evidently become greater, and at last no reply to their repeated hailings reached them. They should see her again at daylight, they trusted, unless—but they dared not speak of that—unless she had shipped a sea, and foundered with the crew. All the more anxiously, therefore, did they watch for the first streak of daylight. It seemed as if it would never come. Oh, for the blessed dawn! Oh, for the lifting of that sombre veil which shut out every surrounding

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object from their view, and separated them even from each other as they sat in the boat side by side. If it were but daylight, half their danger they fancied would be past, half their anxiety removed. But the darkness wrapped them round deeper, colder, and more cheerless as hour after hour crept slowly by, until they began almost to fancy in their weariness and despair that the night would never end, or that they at least should never see another dawn.

When at last the stars began to grow paler and the blackness in the east to fade, they watched the coming day with a relief so great that one might have supposed that it would bring a remedy for all their care and sorrow. The light spread quickly, mounting the eastern sky with rapid pace; the tops of the waves began to shine with shifting gleams of whiteness; then, all around, as far as the eye could reach, became dimly visible; then burst out clear and distinct, and yet with a quiet and subdued light, before which every object stood forth in dark relief. Alas! there was nothing to be seen but the changing outline of the waves, and their alternate

lights and shadows as they rose and fell. Not a sail anywhere upon the horizon, not a speck of any kind. Turn which way they would there was not a sign of any living thing within the circle of their view. The jolly-boat might, they still hoped, be not far off, hidden from their sight by the rolling billows; but even then they must have caught some glimpses of her mounting upon the crests simultaneously with themselves. Could she have been picked up, with her crew, by a passing ship? and if so would not the same deliverance come to them, beating about the spot until they found them? At all events the darkness was withdrawn; they could see and be seen; there were twelve or fourteen hours of daylight before them. "Truly the light is good, and a pleasant thing it is to see the sun." Surely some ship would cross their path before the night should shut them in again; or at least they should discover their lost companions and rejoin them. So with new hope and courage they began that day. The events which followed may be best described by some extracts from a journal in Mrs. Carlton's handwriting.

EVOLUTION.

THE UNFAVOURABLE EVIDENCE OF THE CEPHALOPODS.

IN an article on "Darwinism tested by Science,"* the Darwinian theory of descent by modification was shown to be unproved so far as concerned the vegetable kingdom, and that part of the animal kingdom represented by the Brachiopoda, on the evidence of two well-known British naturalists, Mr. William Carruthers and Mr. Thomas Davidson, acknowledged authorities in their respective branches of science. Let us now consider the opinions of a celebrated foreign *savant*, based on his extended researches into the history of a no less important group of organisms. We refer to the investigations of M. Joachim Barrande on the fossil Cephalopoda, shell-fish of the highest order.

For upwards of forty years this eminent Frenchman has been occupied in geological inquiries. A staunch Legitimist, he held in early manhood, at the French court, the post of tutor to the Comte de Chambord (Henry V), but on the deposition of King Charles X, during the Revolution of 1830, he was compelled to flee from Paris with the young prince, and take refuge in Bohemia. Very little was then known of the geology of that country. M. Barrande, however, becoming interested in the science through the accidental discovery of a fossil trilobite, determined to examine the nature of the rocks and study their fossil contents. For this purpose he caused quarries to be opened in the neighbourhood of Prague, learnt the Bohemian language, and undertook, single-handed and without Government aid, the geological survey of his adopted country. As far back as 1846 he had ascertained the existence of three distinct faunas, below the Devonian rocks. To the first of these, containing the earliest records of life, he gave the name of the "primordial zone." These deposits were subsequently found to be the equivalents of our Cambrian formations. His second and third "étages" correspond with the groups of strata distinguished as Lower and Upper Silurian by Sir

Roderick Impey Murchison, his illustrious contemporary, friend, and fellow-worker in the field of Palæozoic geology. The great value of M. Barrande's researches was fully recognised twenty years ago. In 1857 he was awarded the Wollaston Medal, the "blue ribbon" of the Geological Society of London. The results of all his vast labours are recorded in his classical work, the "Silurian System of Bohemia," a monument of industry. Some idea of their extent may be gathered from the fact that although scarcely twenty species of fossil had been obtained from that area before he commenced his inquiries, M. Barrande computes the number, in 1877, at 4,300 recognised forms from the Silurian rocks alone. This indomitable veteran, now nearly eighty years of age, having already monographed the fishes, crustaceans, and graptolites of the Bohemian basin, proposes shortly to issue descriptions and figures of the brachiopods, bivalves, and gasteropods. His publications on his favourite group of the Palæozoic cephalopods have extended over a period of thirteen years, 1865—1877. He has devoted 3,600 quarto pages and 544 quarto plates to the elucidation of the history of this deeply interesting class.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that M. Barrande is competent to speak with authority on the question of evolution, and his testimony is the more valuable because his investigations have for the most part been carried on in some of the earliest known fossiliferous deposits. Thus, he is well acquainted with all the varied forms of the primitive types, and beginning, as it were, almost at the very commencement of the geological record, can well testify if there is any evidence of the operations of modification and progressive development throughout the long series of geological ages.

Having sketched the qualifications of the biographer, let us recall the position and history of the class whose life he has written.

The cephalopods, or "head-footed" mollusca, rank as the first of all the invertebrate classes.

* "The Darwinian Theory tested by Science." Leisure Hour, September, 1877.

Their Greek name (*cephala*, head, *poda*, feet) was given them in allusion to the position of their organs of locomotion. The feet, or more properly speaking the arms, being attached in a circle round the mouth, thus the animals crawl or glide, head downwards, at the bottom of the sea, the shell, when present, being carried in a reversed position. They are the most highly organised of all the shell-fish. They are endowed with a very perfectly constructed organ of vision, well developed brain, heart, and gills. They possess powerful tentacles to seize their prey, strong jaws like the beak of a parrot to tear it in pieces, a crop to store it in, and a gizzard to triturate it and aid the process of digestion. They are all inhabitants of the sea, feeding on small fishes, crabs, and shell-fish, to which they are formidable foes. The classification of these mollusks is based on the respiratory system. They have been divided into two groups by Professor Owen. The lowest organised, the tetrabranchiata, or four-gilled cephalopods, are the first to appear in the "records of the rocks." They cannot, however, boast of so long a lineage as the brachiopods or crustaceans, for at present only two genera are known to occur in the deposits at the summit of the Upper Cambrian formation, but at the base of the Lower Silurian no less than twelve different types appeared simultaneously in all parts of the world. They multiplied enormously in the Silurian epoch. The two oldest forms, *Cyrtoceras* and *Orthoceras*, reached their maximum point of development in the Upper Silurian seas; 299 species of the former, and 626 of the latter are recorded by M. Barrande, who estimates the total number of nautiloid species at over 2,500 for the whole of the Paleozoic deposits. The family of the *Ammonitidae* (comprising the genera *Ammonites*, *Hamites*, *Baculites*, etc.) did not appear until the Secondary period, but became almost as numerous. There is but one genus which has persisted throughout the entire sequence of geological time. The beautiful *Nautilus*, three species of which still inhabit the Southern Oceans, is the sole representative of the once dominant and powerful race of tetrabranchiate cephalopods.

In this order a very perfectly constructed chambered external shell is always present, sometimes straight, as in the genera *Orthoceras* and *Endoceras*, involute, as in *Nautilus*, or whorled, curved, and ornamented in different ways in the family of the *Ammonitidae*. Some of the *Orthoceratites* attained large dimensions, and judging from the diameter of the fossil siphuncles must have measured ten feet in length. The history of the more highly organised class, the *dibranchiata*, or two-gilled forms, is very different. They are not known to have lived before the Secondary period, but are very abundant in the existing seas. In this group the shell is, with one exception, always internal and often rudimentary. The octopus and the common squid are familiar living examples of these "naked" or shell-less mollusks. As they are unprotected with an external covering, their means of defence are increased by the possession of an ink-bag, the contents of which can be discharged at the will of the animal, clouding the water and securing its retreat when in danger. The arms and tentacles are also much larger and more powerful. Some of these forms attain large size in warm latitudes, one specimen found floating in the equatorial Atlantic was estimated as weighing two hundred-weight. The peculiar fossils popularly known as "thunderbolts," occur-

ring in Oolitic and Liassic deposits once formed part of an extinct cuttle. The ink-bag is often preserved, and sepia is made from its indestructible contents.

We will now quote the views of M. Barrande, who has recently issued a most valuable summary of his important researches on the Cephalopoda (*"Etudes Générales."* Prague, 1877. Pp. 353, 8vo). After special and careful inquiry, he is compelled to affirm his irresistible conviction that the testimony of the class is completely opposed to the theory of evolution. His arguments are mainly based on an examination of the structure of the shell in the *Nautilidae*, and on the distribution of the order in time. With regard to the first, he contends that the early *Nautilæ* possessed the same essential characters as the living forms, and that an examination of the size and shape of the shell, the structure of the opening, and position of the syphon in the successive fossil species, furnishes no evidence of modification or of progressive development. All the manifold variations in these characters were represented in the primitive types; they cannot, therefore, be cited as signs of the evolutionary process, but must rather be regarded as proof that the lapse of incalculable geological ages had absolutely no influence on these characters. The *nautilus* is considered as a most striking instance of the stability of generic types. "The three hundred fossil representatives of the genus differ and depart so slightly from the most ancient forms, that the veriest tyro in palæontological science would have no hesitation in recognising their generic nature. . . . The species vary, it is true, but always within the limits of a very narrow circle, and never sufficiently to justify the foundation of a new genus. . . . These specific differences, also, oscillate in various directions without evincing any tendency to follow a general law. . . . In fact," M. Barrande concludes, "*Nautilus* would almost seem to have been especially created and preserved throughout the whole of the geological epochs as an unimpeachable witness to contradict all that theory would teach us concerning the evolution of animal life."

In referring to the first occurrence of the fossil species, he observes that "the absence of all cephalopods in the primordial zone is also in complete discordance with the hypothesis of evolution." Of the twenty-five Paleozoic genera no less than twelve, or nearly one-half of the whole, were launched on the sea of life at one start, making their appearance in the same geological epoch in widely-separated countries and on both continents. "This," he forcibly states, "is truly a very strange commencement of the vertical distribution from an evolutionist's point of view, and shows the utter absurdity of the theories of the operation of slow and gradual transformations, or the evolution of one form from another." He further contends that the total absence of all transitional intermediary forms between the earliest representatives of the class and any of their successors must be regarded as a complete confirmation of the independent origin of the twelve primitive types. "In the cephalopods, moreover, the power of producing new types diminished rapidly as the geological ages progressed, instead of gradually increasing as the evolutionary theory requires. All these are indisputable truths, and convincing of the real discordance between preconceived theoretical laws and the observed facts of palæontological science. They are, however, either misconstrued, or silently passed over in works with an evolutionary

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bias, but I doubt not that truth will prevail in the end, in spite of such unworthy manoeuvres."

Some very interesting conclusions are deduced from a survey of the distribution of the order in time. Thus, while the majority of the primitive types were endowed with a great power of vitality, the remaining genera, though apparently quite as highly organised, enjoyed but a very brief existence. The coiled type *Nautilus* is the sole one persisting throughout the entire sequence of geological time, but the straight-shelled *Orthoceras* has the next longest range. "These contrasts," M. Barrande maintains, "show that the predominant longevity of the *Nautilus* cannot be attributed exclusively to the form of its shell, and other analogous facts indicate that the vital power assigned to each genus, and manifested both in its vertical range and specific richness, cannot be measured by the rules of theoretical science, but that these results are rather derived from the general combinations of the sovereign power of the Creator."

But most important of all is the fact that the evolutionist is met and foiled with weapons of his own choosing. It is known how great is the stress laid on the laws of embryological development by the supporters of the Darwinian hypothesis. M. Barrande is enabled to demonstrate, from a thorough investigation of these characters in the *Cephalopoda*, that they are entirely opposed to the theory of evolution. He brings forward evidence in proof that the *Ammonites* and *Goniatites* could not have been evolved from their predecessors, the primitive *Nautilæ*. The early stages of growth being radically different in each family, it is likewise quite impossible reasonably to affirm that they are all the descendants of some common ancestor entombed in the unknown abyss of the immeasurably remote past.

M. Barrande further cites the organisation of *Nautilus* as exemplifying "the most perfect mechanism, far surpassing the highest products of human ingenuity. . . . According to Professor Keferstein, of Göttingen, the *Nautilus* has the power of raising its body in the shell when the construction of a new chamber is needful. The means employed for this purpose—a gaseous fluid, produced at will from the body of the animal—is sufficient not only to lift its own weight, but to support, in addition, the pressure of the surrounding medium. . . . It also enables it to rise to the surface of the ocean and sink to the bottom, but the exact method of this procedure is still one of the mysteries unsolved by science. . . . In considering this marvellous structure and its complete adaptability to the requirements of the animal, it is absolutely necessary to admit that the wonderful mechanism and intelligence exhibited in the *Nautilus* was inspired and ordained by the supernatural power and wisdom of the sovereign Creator of organic nature on the face of the whole earth."

M. Barrande, in summing up his researches on the cephalopods, refers to the investigations of Mr. Davidson on the brachiopods, and those of Mr. Carruthers in the department of fossil botany, as perfectly according with his own conviction that the theory of evolution is unsupported by facts. He alludes also to the publications of M. Grand Eury on the Carboniferous flora of Central France as fully corroborating the views of Mr. Carruthers. We subjoin a translation of the passage quoted, and the concluding observations of M. Barrande.

After stating that the Carboniferous flora passes insensibly into that of the Permian formation, M.

Grand Eury says:—"It is remarkable that the flora preserves a perfect unity during the whole of the Carboniferous period. It is represented from the base to the summit of the series by the same classes, orders, and families, and then disappears entirely. No species—perhaps not even a single genus—is found in the Trias, thus confirming the idea of an independent biological period, and in direct opposition to the theory of continuity. Nor can any progressive modification of species be observed in the course of this long series of successive deposits. It is quite true that some species vary, but they never pass beyond the limits of a circle. They undergo the same phases, at the same time, in widely separated localities, with a correspondence and simultaneity excluding the idea of causation by natural selection, for that influence would only have made itself felt in a very unequal manner from one locality to another. Again, a species appears isolated and in different situations at the same time, the individuals which compose it increase in number and size, then, slightly declining, grow numerically weaker, and finally die out, to be replaced by new types. Genera follow the same law as species—disappearing without being transformed. Besides, the order of apparition is contrary to that demanded by the evolutionary hypothesis. Forms, intermediate in character between two genera or two species, do not make their appearance until later, instead of forming a transitional link. Each group, also, in direct opposition to the theory of progressive development, exhibits all its perfections from the date of its first occurrence. The plants of the coal-measures which bear most resemblance to the existing forms are characterised by the most complex structure and the greatest specialisation of all their organs. The *Pecopteridæ* and the *Neuropteridæ* stand at the top of the scale, the *Lepidodendrons* rank higher than the living *Lycopods*, while the *Gymnosperms* reveal in the structure of the wood and graining as perfect an organisation as the existing forms. Thus nature at one stroke seems to have perfected her works."

"In reading this extract after the summary of our studies on the cephalopods, it is impossible not to observe the harmony between M. Grand Eury's conclusions and our own. Notwithstanding the wide separation between these two great subjects of scientific research, it is evident that the real development of both vegetable and animal life is controlled by the same laws, and that these general laws can only have originated from the sublime Creator of the universe. Moreover, the facts show that these simple and constant laws have absolutely nothing in common with the theories of evolution."

We may also refer our readers to the address of Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys, President of the Biological Section of the British Association at the Plymouth Meeting, as concluding emphatically against the doctrine of evolution, from a review of the laws of life in that province, molluscan life, in which he is the acknowledged highest authority.

We conclude, therefore, that the doctrine of evolution is not so universally accepted by men of science as some have recently asserted. It is the testimony of some of the most able scientific specialists of the day, that the theory, though plausible, is not supported by facts, either in the vegetable kingdom or in the brachiopods, crustacea, and cephalopods, three of the most important invertebrate classes of the animal domain.



A CENTURY OF BONNETS. PLATE II. 1785-1839.

Taken from portraits, pictures, and other publications of the period.



A CENTURY OF BONNETS. PLATE III. 1846-1876.

Taken from portraits, pictures, and other publications of the period.

A CENTURY OF ENGLISH BONNETS.

WHILE the reader glances over the singular varieties of costume in which the ladies of recent and present generations have sought to illustrate their beauties of face and form, it is probable that Shakespeare's apt sentence may occur to the memory, "All this I see, and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man"—the man or the woman either. Here are illustrations of the well-known words of Addison in the "Spectator":—"There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress: within my own memory I have known it rise and fall within thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, inasmuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that *we appeared as grasshoppers before them*. At present the whole sex is, in a manner, dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new, or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret, though I find most are of opinion that they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans. I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and, indeed, I very much admire that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple."

Various as the illustrations are in the engravings before the reader, it was clearly impossible to present all the modes which the varying fashions have assumed; even some of the most outrageous are not presented, although the reader has some approximation to that which excited the satire of Addison in the style of 1780. In Fairholt's "History of English Costume" figures are presented setting forth in a strong light the ridiculous and complicated variety composing a single head-dress; but we may say that about a century since these more extravagant forms

were yielding to somewhat more modest and reasonable notions. It will be seen that the figure to which we have referred (1780, L. H. p. 121), belongs to that singular period which we may designate as the age of powder. It is rather a pretty young face, but then young ladies did not complete their toilet without the grey powder. It is usually the case, when things reach their highest point of extravagance and absurdity, that a marked change comes, and it has been said that in about 1775 the ladies' head-dress was at its greatest extension, both in width and height. It was usually surmounted by plumes of ostrich feathers. The celebrated Duchess of Devonshire wore an ostrich feather about an ell long, presented to her by Lord Stormont. Thus, indeed, she is represented in the missing portrait. The plumes of ostrich feathers became so general, that ladies were spoken of not as the feminine, but the "feathered" sex; and the modest and homely Queen Charlotte, always desirous of setting an example of good sense and good taste, forbade any of these plume-headed ladies to present themselves at court. Foote, the comedian, satirised the fashion, appearing with a head-dress full of feathers, in the utmost extravagance of the mode, being at least a yard wide. To heighten the ridicule, the whole fabric of feathers, hair, and wool tumbled to pieces, as Foote, amidst roars of laughter, waddled off the stage. At the same time a still more ridiculous usage came into fashion, and ladies surmounted their head-dress by piling a quantity of garden-stuff, like a large, unnatural bow-pot. Something of this may be seen in the figure marked 1783. Mrs. Stone, in her very interesting *Chronicles of Fashion*, mentions that at a fashionable masquerade at Richmond, comprising many of the first-rate personages of the day, a gentleman appeared disguised as a woman with a head-dress four feet high, composed of greens and garden-stuff, crowned with tufts of endive nicely blanched. The force of the ridicule was felt by some of the ladies present, although it contributed to the diversion of the night. Some cynical satirist, quoted by Mrs. Stone, describing this singular edifice of feminine grace, says:—

"Sing her daubed with white and red,
Sing her large terrific head,
Nor the many things disguise
That produce its mighty size:
And let nothing be forgot,
Carrots, turnips, and what not,
Curls and cushions for *imprimis*,
Wool and powder for the *finis*;
Lace and lappets, many a flag,
Many a parti-coloured rag
Pendent from the head behind,
Floats and wantons in the wind."

It is difficult to imagine a lady exceedingly charming in such a head-dress as this, but the stories are not wanting even of princes who were taken captive by the fair features which shone beneath such a grotesque display. Of course, here was a fair field for the invective and satire of preachers, and Fairholt quotes William Hutton, of Birmingham, who versified a Methodist preacher's sermon against these monstrosities:—

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"This intrepid champion, elate with success,
Made these bold remarks on the ladies' head-dress :
'The pride of our females all bound'ry exceeds ;
'Tis now quite the fashion to wear double heads.
Approaching this tower to disburse heavenly treasure,
I pass'd by a head that would fill a strike measure ;
If I'd had that measure but close by my side,
I then should have had the experiment tried.
By sins a man's said to be cover'd all o'er
With bruises and many a putrefied sore ;
From the sole of his foot to his crown they aspire,
But the sins of a woman rise half a yard higher.'"

These head-dresses were vernacularly called the "topping," as a versifying satirist sings :—

"The pride of the *topping*, delight of all eyes !
The *tête* which attempted to rival the skies."

And very inconvenient and uncomfortable this *tête* must have been. Mrs. Stone very truly speaks of it as, with the hoop, the twin abomination of the last century. Women of fashion were compelled to ride with their heads out of the carriage window, or to kneel down in the carriage, in order that they might be accommodated within ; but to what inconveniences will not the devotees of fashion submit ?

But our engraver has apparently been too gallant to bring very prominently forward these illustrations of the depravity of fashion, and, as we have already said, they proved their own correctives, and by their absurdity brought about a change ; and even in those times, as we retreat from the neighbourhood of Vanity Fair, we find in still life illustrations of a more pleasant material and amiable attire. It seems a wonderful thing, however, to notice that even a beautiful woman, richly endowed by nature with that fine coronet, should despise her own hair, and fly to even detestable usages to conceal its beauty, or even to part with it altogether, preferring, perhaps, the relic of the sepulchre to the living natural glory of woman. But to part with life, and to plant upon the head exotics from the vaults of death, has been, from the days of Queen Elizabeth to our own, a much favoured fashion with the fair sex. Shakespeare satirised—

"Those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

So that the chignon, that modern buttress of beauty, is by no means a modern invention.

It must not be supposed that these remarks are not pertinent to the subject of bonnets ; for the higher head-dress, the bonnet, or *topping*, was related to the extravagant fashion of dressing the hair. False hair was indispensable, and a lady would have her rich long locks shorn away in order that she might be able to conform to the despotic fashion. Of course, fine hair from humble heads became a very valuable and saleable commodity, and many pleasant stories are told, like that related by Malcolm, of the young country girl coming to London and selling her hair for fifty pounds—it seems incredible, but we have reason to believe in its truth—thereby realising the fortune which her lover's flinty-hearted father required before he would consent to their marriage ; and Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, sold her own most beautiful hair in order to enable her husband, then in straitened cir-

cumstances, to give a dinner, which seemed likely to advance his interests in life, and it is pleasant to know that the lady did not part with her hair in vain. That wicked old woman, the Duchess of Marlborough, was remarkable for the magnificence of her hair. The anecdote is well known how she cut it off, not from poverty, but to spite her mighty husband, to whom it was an especial pride. She did not know that he had kept it amongst his treasures until it was discovered after his death. Her daughters were as remarkable for the splendour of their hair as their termagant of a mother,—especially Lady Sunderland, the subject of Watts's admiration and verse.

We seem to have devoted too much attention to the period of the earlier figures of our engravings ; yet it is not unnatural, for these are the fashions which have gone most completely out of memory, and are now only matter of history, although we think we have seen some gentle attempts to insinuate the old usage again.

It is a curious study this, of heads so fertile *without* ; most of them, it may be not uncharitably presumed, so sterile *within* ; the human face divine was in a manner lost amidst the "intumescence," as Dr. Johnson expressed it, of gaudy ornament, and the vast circumference of inanity. But glancing over the illustrations, we find how time and succeeding ages changed all that. Some years since a French author wrote a book "on the duty of a pretty woman to look pretty," a subject which it has been said might have been more appropriately expressed as "The duty of every woman to look as pretty as she can ;" perhaps very few women need much persuasion to this, but it seems fashion exerts so inexorable an influence that multitudes have been quite willing to part with their prerogative of beauty that they might confess themselves the subjects of fashion. We have all often heard and often quoted the saying that "Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most ;" and it would seem that they thought so who initiated a fashion so far removed from that to which we have referred when the face was lost sight of beneath the pomp of ostrich plumes, or the head appeared carrying a conservatory or a garden, that, as in the fashions of 1865 and 1869, the bonnet almost disappeared. It is said that the most eminent preacher of our age, exclaiming against the follies of the time, said, "I have been requested to remonstrate against the ridiculous fashion of the ladies' bonnets ; but really when I look over this audience" (and it numbered probably some seven thousand persons) "I cannot see any bonnets !" We think, however, that the recent generations of the bonnet may on the whole fairly claim the prize for prettiness in themselves and for their power to impart attractiveness to a pretty face ; and the *artistes* in this department of dress are understood to give their devoted and undivided attention to the eliciting of new and effective designs. A French bonnet-maker told Lady D., on her remonstrating with him on the price of a hat, "Indeed, madam, it cost me three sleepless nights merely to imagine !" Another French man-milliner was denied to visitors with this reason assigned, "He is composing !" While a third modestly accounted for the graceful disposition of a wreath of ribbon on a bonnet, "I fixed it in a moment of enthusiasm !" Very well, and very fine ; but the inspiration and enthusiasm of these great *artistes* have not always succeeded in banishing ugliness from fair brows, for assuredly the bonnets of 1799 and 1837, far as the dates are

apart, are specimens of an outrageous style transcending even the periods we have at so much length described. We make this last remark with some reverence, for the bonnet of 1837 invests the gentle face of our then young and beloved Queen, from a portrait of her at church. But what shall we say of 1830? Our artist presents two figures, and both are living in our recollection: the one of the ancient lady turbaned like a Turk—the turban of any colour the reader likes to imagine, but most likely a delicious yellow surmounted by a pair of plumes which look like horses' tails; this was the attire in which Mrs. Grundy criticised society in those days, from her gondola in the drawing-room. The other figure marked 1830 belongs evidently to the Leghorn period. Leghorns were the high ambition of our mothers and nurses. It will be noticed that for the most part as the bonnet in any period retreats into simple life it is most pleasing, and is farthest removed from extravagance, while it gives the most natural and winning expression to the face—not always, as witness the ancient matriarch for 1797. And did they wear such things upon their heads in Old England? Exactly such we have seen pouring in from Belgian villages into Antwerp market. Nothing surely can set off a pretty village face better than the Dolly Varden hat of 1795: "a little straw hat," as Charles Dickens describes it, "trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons, and worn the merest trifle on one side, just to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that ever malicious milliner devised." And surely, as if to show that no period, nor even rank, can have an entire monopoly of good taste, nothing can well be more odious in its repulsive plainness than what we may suppose to be the bonnet of a servant-girl in 1796, unless indeed we descend to its probable development in the fashionable helmet-like style of 1798.

Space will not permit us to dwell particularly on each separate style. One bonnet the reader will miss; we miss it from society too; it is seldom seen—never, perhaps, unless in those great gatherings when the Friends hold their annual society meetings in Devonshire Place, Bishopsgate Street; it is the bonnet sanctified by the memory of the lovely features of Elizabeth Fry, in which she went through the cells of Newgate, and which, in many a scene she visited, was more welcome and lovely than a prince's diadem.

Turning back again for another glance at the illustrations, we notice that, in point of size, bonnets and dresses have been in inverse proportion; when dresses assumed the most immense amplitude, the bonnet diminished in size; when skirts were scanty, bonnets were huge; and this is an observation true not only of the times of our grandmothers, but of our own; it was when the crinoline expatiated in its boldest breadth that the bonnet was almost invisible; we are rather disposed to compliment the fashion of the present day in a nearer approximation to delicacy and good taste in both particulars. The ladies' bonnet, or head-dress, has given rise, and especially in our own time, to designations much more graphic than graceful; yet graceless attire ought not to feel surprised if it receive the sneer of ungraceful adjectives or nicknames. The "rink hat" in 1876 is almost identical with the "pork-pie" of 1865. Then we have the "mushroom" of 1860, which stood high in general favour, notwithstanding its absurd characteristics, as though it were the very *materfamilias* of

ladies' head-dresses; then we have the "sailor's hat"—very simple, nor altogether unuseful, and perhaps somewhat worthy of the nation whose mothers, daughters, and sisters have been understood to feel pride in their relationship to the sea; the "meat plate" bonnet originated in the style marked 1866, and we have only just passed, if we have passed, through the period of the "Mother Goose," which belongs, if not to the same generation, to the same order as the "Mother Hubbards" and the "Mother Shiptons," of which there are several illustrations from other times. Such and so curious are the methods which fashion has adopted—very often to lend only a questionable grace to woman's loveliness—that 1790 reminds us of the Welsh hat which English civilisation is gradually pushing into the most interior villages of the Principality. Well does the writer of this paper remember the odd impression produced upon his mind when—it must be more than thirty years since—he went into the pulpit of one of the largest chapels in Carmarthenshire; the place was perhaps capable of holding a couple of thousand people, and it was their wont, as in many of the Calvinistic Methodist churches, for the men to sit on one side and the women on the other; it was an odd spectacle; as the preacher turned to his right, there was not a bonnet to be seen, but a crowd of women in the high-crowned steeple hat, the brim quite flat, bright shining beavers, and from those of the more well-to-do of the sisterhood the black tassels descending on one side. We fancy such a sight could scarcely be seen now in Wales, although common enough then; and very singular it seemed if one of these Welsh matrons by any chance found herself with her national head-gear in an English town.

Now among so many typical representatives we will scarcely say which deserves the palm for prettiness; yet perhaps few of our readers will demur to the verdict which gives especial honour to the "Gipsy," the "Cottage," and—for those who are able to sustain it, for much in it depends on fitness—the "Marie Stuart." If space permitted we would like to say some few words upon caps, especially as the "Marie Antoinette" and the "Charlotte Corday" are pushing out of fashion the stately *entourage* of lace, ribbon, flowers, and feathers which have been the ambition of matrons so long. The sweetest cap has no name, unless it may pass as the "Quaker cap," but it is associated with many memories of childhood, and seems to come to the call of the poet:—

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL AND DAVID M. MOIR.

AT Edinburgh, in the year 1837, I enjoyed the long-desired pleasure of seeing and hearing the poet Campbell. Along with all readers of poetry, I had vehemently admired the "Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," "O'Connor's Child," and those splendid lyrics which had done so much to exalt Campbell's reputation. Indeed, at the time mentioned, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" was one of my literary idols, and, like many of my contemporaries, I could quote his lines with the greatest facility. Few poets of the day were more

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frequently quoted than Campbell, and he alone, of all his tuneful compeers, was generally blamed for having written so little. His great friend and rival, Sir Walter Scott, repeatedly and strongly expressed his regret that the "Bard of Hope" had not fulfilled the splendid promise of his youth. According to Washington Irving, the great novelist thus delivered himself on this subject: "What a pity it is that Campbell does not write more, and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does now and then spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he were afraid to launch away. The fact is, Campbell is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*" Nine years after he had thus spoken in the hearing of Irving, Scott used similar expressions in his Diary respecting Campbell's poetical timidity and barrenness.

There can be no doubt that Thomas Campbell was afraid of his own reputation, and consequently wrote less poetry than otherwise might have flowed from his genius. But his genius, after all, was not of a kind that attempts long and daring flights. He never could have written an epic, or even, perhaps, such a poetical romance as the "Lady of the Lake." Shorter and yet brilliant compositions were more suited to his powers; and, accordingly, leaving out of view his few longer poems, we find in the small volume that unfortunately contains all his poetical works nearly a score of exquisite productions that are not surpassed in any language, and would of themselves confer immortality on their author. "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of the Baltic," "The Last Man," the "Address to the Rainbow," and the "Stanzas on Painting," not to speak of fully half-a-dozen other pieces of almost equal merit, are gems of the first water, and can never lose their lustre or their fame. But in addition to the peculiarity of his genius that circumscribed his flights, and almost confined him, as it were, to lyrical ground, the life he so long led as a literary man and magazine editor in London was not favourable to the development of his fine poetical powers. The drawing-rooms and literary salons of the great metropolis may be very delightful to some poets, but they are not good nurseries for poetry. Had Campbell lived, or at least spent most of his days, in his own highlands, whence he drew his first inspiration, his genius, which, though brilliant, was somewhat delicate, would probably have been nursed into that robust vigour which would have attempted the highest things in poetry. Had he led a noble country life like Wordsworth, the "Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming" might not have remained his noblest monuments. Yet his literary tastes and social nature impelled him to city life, and it is idle now to speculate on the result of a prolonged residence among the mountains and islands of his native land.

Campbell was a man of sixty, well known as a poet and on various fields of authorship, when I saw him in Edinburgh at a festival got up by the operative printers of the city in commemoration of the fourth centenary of the invention of printing. Lord Jeffrey had been expected to take the chair, but as he was prevented by the state of his health, the

honour of presiding was conferred on the distinguished poet, who happened at the time to be in Scotland. The company assembled in the Theatre Royal, and a very brilliant spectacle it formed. A considerable portion of "the beauty and fashion," as well as the literary talent of the "Modern Athens," gave a lustre to the occasion. The pit and boxes were filled with eight hundred gentlemen, and a multitude of ladies shone upon the scene from the galleries. The band of the 79th Highlanders and a goodly number of glee-singers furnished appropriate music. The singers, in the course of the evening, sang "Ye Mariners of England" with immense effect, and its illustrious author could not but be touched by the enthusiasm of the audience.

When Campbell made his appearance there was of course a great demonstration of applause. In his youth he had lived some time in Edinburgh. There he had written, or at least had finished, his "Pleasures of Hope," and there he had published that immortal poem. He had been the friend of Scott, Wilson, Jeffrey, and other brilliant lights of the northern metropolis. His fame as an exquisite poet had been warmly cherished by his countrymen, and he had always been an honoured guest in Scottish society. As chairman of the great Printers' Festival, he was, therefore, enthusiastically received, and every one felt that the office well became his high position in literature. I did not fail to mark the man as closely as possible. He was beneath the middle size, and had, on the whole, a somewhat worn and delicate appearance. His features, regular, fine, and rather sensitive in their expression, were, as I thought, decidedly poetical. His eyes, so far as I could make out, appeared to be bright and expressive, and a certain humour seemed to mingle with the prevailing pensiveness of his countenance. He wore a wig, and was dressed very much as he appears in Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known portrait. From that portrait, indeed, I thought I could have recognised him had I met him on the street.

He presided over the meeting with much dignity and effect. It was with native delicacy of feeling that he proposed the health of Queen Victoria, who had just three weeks before ascended the throne. Then in choice terms he gave "The Queen-Dowager and the rest of the Royal Family." He spoke in a clear, distinct voice, and with an Anglified accent. By this time he had lived in England the greater part of his life, and though still a true Scot in feeling, had much of the Englishman in his manner and appearance. When he came to the toast of the evening, "The Art of Printing," he favoured the audience with a regular speech, and specially dilated, as became the occasion, on the liberty of the press. In conformity with that decided liberalism which had always characterised him, he took quite the popular view of the press, its liberty, and achievements. He proved himself no orator, but simply delivered, with measured emphasis, a short and spirited essay he had prepared. He pointedly alluded to the restraints under which the press lay in most of the countries of Europe, and his accents still ring in my ears while I remember him speaking of the Emperor Nicholas as "the imperial kidnapper of the children of Poland." Campbell, from his earliest youth cherishing an intense love of freedom and corresponding hatred of despotism, had vehemently espoused the cause of the Poles, and the splendid passage of his great poem on the fall of Poland had flowed like molten lava

from a heart boiling with fervent indignation. He was known all his life as an eminent friend of Poland, and the Polish refugees in England surrounded him with their grateful devotion. His allusion to the Emperor Nicholas and Poland in his speech was highly characteristic of the man, and failed not to call forth a warmly-sympathetic response from the audience. He next proposed the "Memory of Scott," but, to the great disappointment of all present, he made no speech on the subject. He had probably not had time to prepare anything worthy of the occasion, having been rather suddenly called to supply Lord Jeffrey's place. Besides, he was fastidious in preparing and correcting his compositions, both in prose and verse, and consequently shrank from any attempt at extemporaneous oratory when the subject demanded his best efforts.

Campbell's own health was proposed by Dr. Moir, of Musselburgh, the well-known Delta of "Blackwood's Magazine," and was received with what I call in an old note-book "indescribable enthusiasm." The amiable Delta had long been a great admirer of Campbell's poetry, and was able to speak of it with true critical appreciation. While he did ample justice to the "Pleasures of Hope," to "Gertrude," and other smaller pieces, he spoke, I remember, in a rapturous manner of "O'Connor's Child." I afterwards heard Delta repeatedly speak in a similar way of that exquisite effusion of Campbell's genius, which, perhaps, the public has never adequately appreciated. I fully agreed with him that "O'Connor's Child" is, indeed, a highly-finished and supremely beautiful production, not easily to be matched by any poem of its class in the language. Campbell was quite overcome in attempting to return thanks for the way in which his "health" had been received, and sat down, after an abortive effort at a speech. The heat of the atmosphere and the excitement of the meeting had already told on his enfeebled frame, and it was too evident that his vigorous days were past. But as speaker after speaker descanted on the liberty of the press, the blessings of popular instruction, and the inevitable progress of knowledge, he applauded their utterances most cordially, and visibly shared in that enthusiasm of liberality which prevailed in the meeting. One of the ministers of Edinburgh, the late Rev. A. Binnie, especially delighted him with his eloquence, and a shrewd German, Dr. Cantor, gave him as much pleasure by his dry humour. Some speeches were failures, and some expected orators did not appear. But, on the whole, the festival was a decided success, and served, among other purposes, to exhibit the great popularity of Thomas Campbell. The high estimation in which the poet was held among his countrymen had been well proved ten years before by his election to the distinguished post of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Three times in succession was that coveted office conferred upon him, and few either of his predecessors or successors have been similarly honoured.

Campbell died, in June, 1844, at Boulogne, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was buried a few days after in that great sanctuary of British genius, Westminster Abbey. The Duke of Argyll, the chief of his clan, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Macaulay were among the pall-bearers, and all due honour was paid to the illustrious dead. A portion of earth from the tomb of the Polish hero, Kosciuszko, was cast into the grave, an affecting tribute to the memory of that British poet who had so nobly sung and lamented

the fall of Poland. Dr. Beattie, Campbell's kind friend and excellent biographer, gives some touching details of the poet's last days. It would appear that he was greatly comforted by the passages of Scripture read to him, that he expressed the faith and hope of a Christian, and that he expired without a struggle or any apparent pain.

About two years after the Edinburgh Printers' Festival, I went to reside for a considerable period in Musselburgh, and soon made the acquaintance of the amiable and accomplished David Macbeth Moir, the Delta of "Blackwood." I found him full of the toils of his medical practice, that left him but snatches of leisure for literature. He had already written most of the works which had given him a name known in the world of letters, and at the time I mention only contributed occasionally a poem or a short prose article to "Blackwood" or one of the Edinburgh newspapers. If I mistake not, he also sent a contribution at times, on a Scotch subject, to "Fraser's Magazine," or some other southern periodical. I found him a very kindly and affable man, of gentlemanly appearance and manners, with a fine vein of humour and excellent powers of conversation. He had more of the modesty and gentleness than the waywardness and self-assertion of genius. The polished and sentimental poems that had given him such celebrity only revealed one mood of the man, or one portion of his powers. As the author of the "Autobiography of Mansie Waugh," he had taken a high place as a Scottish humourist. Nothing in literature could be more different from the rough, racy humour of Mansie Waugh than the tender, poetic musings of Delta, and the wonder was that they could both have proceeded from the same mind. But in the earlier days of "Blackwood's Magazine" he wrote not a few of its critical and general articles, and was often consulted in literary matters by Mr. Blackwood, the proprietor. Indeed, he told me that once, when a quarrel had sprung up between Blackwood and his great contributor, Wilson, he had taken a sort of editorial charge of the magazine for a few months. He often spoke as if he half regretted that he had not followed a purely literary life, and said that if he had been able to give himself wholly to literature he might have taken a higher place both in poetry and prose. But I believe his life was better ordered than if he had adopted literature as a profession, and doubtless he finally came to be of the same opinion.

Dr. Moir's literary world consisted almost exclusively of the Blackwood people, the contributors to "Maga," with their circle of supporters in Edinburgh and in London. Mr. Blackwood himself had been his personal friend, and the memory of the great bookseller was held by him in high veneration. But the object of Delta's literary idolatry was Professor Wilson, the redoubtable Christopher North, who repaid his fond admiration with a wonderful amount of affection. "The Professor," as Wilson was usually called in Blackwood's back shop, regarded Delta as one of his dearest friends, was always anxious to know his opinion of any new author or new work that engaged public attention, and gave him many proofs of his high esteem. It was in Delta's house that I had the pleasure of "assisting" at one of the *Noctes*, and hearing Wilson play the part of a critical king, as already described in these pages. Old Mr. Blackwood, the founder of the magazine, had been five years in his grave, but Wilson and Moir freely spoke

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of him and his family with all the ardour of genuine friendship. In their eyes he was one of the greatest and best of booksellers,* and, of course, "Blackwood's" was the greatest and best of magazines.

So early as 1824, when he was twenty-six years of age, Dr. Moir published a volume of verse, consisting chiefly of his contributions to the magazine; but as most of its contents were already known to the public, it had no great success. In 1838, when he was a married man and the father of a family, he printed for private circulation, under the title of "Domestic Verses," a small collection of poems written on the death of several of his children. He favoured me with a copy of this most interesting little book, and, along with every one who had the privilege of perusing it, I was struck with the singular sweetness and pathos of the pieces it contained. Never was paternal anguish more touchingly and poetically portrayed than in these elegiac effusions. From one of them, "Casa Wappy," so called from the self-chosen name of a departed child, I quote a few lines:—

"Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!
* * *
Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's and thou art there
With Him in joy.
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!"

A few years after these poems were submitted to the eye of his friends, their author, at the request of many distinguished literary men, Wordsworth and Tennyson among the rest, gave them to the world, and greatly were they admired by a wide circle of sympathetic readers. They will always occupy a high place in what has been called "the poetry of sorrow."

In early life Dr. Moir published a volume on the "History of Ancient Medicine," which was favourably received, and in 1832, when Asiatic cholera first visited this country, he published a pamphlet on its treatment, which had an immense sale. He exerted himself heroically while the awful pestilence raged in his native town, and embodied his experience in several useful publications. Like a true son of Apollo, he cultivated poetry and medicine with equal ardour. His last publication of importance was a

* I happen to have in my possession a letter from the late Mr. Blackwood to his friend the Rev. Robert Lundy, minister of Kelso, which has a real literary interest. It is dated "Edinburgh, Feb. 3, 1817," and contains, among other news, the announcement of the magazine which the writer was on the point of starting. Mr. Lundy was a man of considerable literary talents, and was at the time a contributor to the "Quarterly Review." "With this I send you," says Mr. Blackwood, "some copies of the prospectus of a magazine which I am about to publish. My editors are Mr. Cleghorn, the editor of the 'Farmer's Magazine,' and Mr. Fringle, author of the very pretty poem published in the 'Poetic Mirror' under the title of an 'Epistle to Mr. R—S—.' I am promised the support of a great number of my literary friends, and I flatter myself you will also allow me to reckon you among the number of those whom I may depend upon for occasional contributions. I would also be particularly obliged to you to speak to any of your friends who may be likely to encourage the work either by their subscriptions or their contributions." In such a business-like style did the great bookseller begin his famous undertaking.

course of six Lectures on Modern Poets, delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. These lectures, abounding in illustrative specimens, are eminently readable. They are not profoundly philosophical, but contain much excellent and genial criticism. Hugh Miller said of the book that its most obvious fault was the want of all reference to its author.

While I resided in Musselburgh I lived as an inmate in the house of Mrs. Moir, senr., Delta's mother, a most admirable specimen of a good old-fashioned Scotchwoman, who talked the Doric of her native country in all its purity, and could tell in excellent style stories highly illustrative of the manners of a past generation. She had been well acquainted with Dr. Carlyle, long minister of the parish of Inveresk, known in Scotland as "Jupiter Carlyle," and she liked nothing better than to speak of his sayings and doings. From her many of the queerest stories and drolleries of "Mansie Waugh" had been derived, and it was plain that her gifted son drew from his mother much of his genius. Many interesting conversations I had with this venerable lady, who belonged to the last rather than to this century. When her son was present to join in the conversation, the interest of Mrs. Moir's old-world stories was only increased by the humorous comments of the poet.

This delightful man died rather suddenly, on the 6th July, 1851, at Dumfries, when on a visit to Mr. Thomas Aird, a brother poet of high literary accomplishments. His health had previously been in a shattered state, owing mainly to a bad accident he had met with in being flung out of a conveyance; but his death at the age of fifty-three took the world by surprise, and excited universal sorrow. His funeral at Musselburgh, the town of his birth and the scene of his life's labours, was a most impressive sight. It was of a public character, being attended not only by all the leading people of Musselburgh and its environs, but by great numbers of friends and admirers from Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland. Among the chief mourners at the grave stood Professor Wilson, whose emotion was almost uncontrollable. Of all the Blackwood circle, and of all his personal or literary friends, there was perhaps none whom Wilson so deeply and dearly loved as David Macbeth Moir, his own amiable Delta. But Delta was a man formed to be loved, a true Christian, as well as a man of genius. His native Musselburgh, in testimony alike of warm affection and just pride, has erected a touching monument to his memory.

J. D.

Varieties.

A TATTOOED AMBASSADOR.—The *San Francisco Chronicle* gives the following sketch of Mr. Mamea, Secretary of State of Samoa, who reached that city *en route* to Washington as Ambassador from the Samoan Islands to the United States:—"Mr. Mamea is a fine specimen of physical manhood, straight as an arrow, and about 6ft. 6in. in height. A massive head, surrounded by a shock of woolly hair, sits gracefully upon a pair of broad shoulders. He has a pleasant and smiling face, beaming with intelligence, and adorned with a small, coarse moustache of the darkest hue. He converses fluently in English, and has a thorough knowledge of the events of the day. On the 'Isabel' up to the time of his landing on

our shores he clung to the native and primitive garb of his island home. A colourless shirt descending to the waist with a primitive cloth attachment were the only articles of dress, save an extra breastpin or two, with which he clothed his colossal form while journeying across the ocean. This garb, however, has been discarded for a black broadcloth suit that sets off his stalwart frame, and is in fine contrast with his bronzed countenance. His body from the waist to the knees is a gem of the tattooing art. It is completely covered with the distinctive signs and figures common to the chiefs and members of the Royal family in the Navigator Islands. He is a devout Christian, being a convert, and a Bible is his constant companion. He will in a few days leave for Washington, where he hopes to effect some good and bring the islands under the protection of the United States. It is, he says, the unanimous wish of the natives that this country shall guarantee some protection to them, so that the increasing and profitable trade between Samoa and Europe may be turned this way."

SUN COOKERY.—Cooking by means of solar rays has been tried successfully at Bombay, and an apparatus has been contrived to cook chops and steaks in the open air as well and expeditiously as over an ordinary fire. The apparatus consists of a copper vessel, tinned inside and painted black outside, with a glass cover enveloping the vessel with an inch of hot air, and fixed on to the bottom of a conical reflector lined with common silvered sheet-glass. If properly covered over it will retain the heat for full three hours and a-half.—*Graphic*.

NEXT-OF-KIN.—Advertisements for "missing friends or next-of-kin" are sometimes of a very extraordinary character. The number of such notices (omitting repeats) which appeared in the "Times" during a recent year was, in round numbers, 700; the number of persons named therein some 3,000. The Treasury solicitor advertised for the next-of-kin of twenty-six persons who seem to have disappeared from this busy world of ours *sane* relations. The amount of money reverting to the Crown by reason of these intestacies is seldom stated, but in one notable case (Mrs. Helen Blake's) the sum was no less than £140,000. Large rewards were offered for baptismal, marriage, or burial certificates; a gentleman in distressed circumstances seeks the representatives of a firm who carried on business in Calcutta in 1816; the next-of-kin are sought of several persons who have left our shores and settled in the colonies, the United States, or India; the representatives of deceased shareholders are inquired for respecting unclaimed dividends; numerous notices were issued by the Bank of England with reference to a re-transfer of unclaimed stock or dividends from the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt; a reward of £250 is offered for a clue to a marriage settlement by the relatives of a testator who, on his death-bed, could only utter the words, "Lincoln's Inn Fields." Chancery suits are still of long standing—the representatives of a baronet who died in 1724, and the descendants of a couple who were married in 1708, are only now inquired for. A person who went to sea in 1854, and has not since been heard of, is entitled to a certain residuary estate, and another, who went to sea in 1859, is wanted for something greatly to his advantage; the descendants of one family are wanted to claim £12,000; those of another, who, in 1798, were living in Bloomsbury, are anxiously sought; tidings of a person reported to have been drowned in 1830 on the Merrimac River will be liberally paid for; the next-of-kin of the secretary of the late Lord Exmouth are unknown; and the heirs of a person who emigrated to America as long ago as 1683 are wanted to claim the enviable fortune of 2,000,000 dols. Claimants for lands in Canada, and the relatives of two brothers who were drowned at Montreal, are also sought. The relatives of a captain, who died suddenly, are requested to communicate with the clergyman of the parish; £1,000 Consols are going begging in one case, and £7,000 in another; the *locale* of a sum of £200 is unknown to disappointed relatives; the next-of-kin of the author of "Sam Slick" will hear of something peculiarly interesting to them on applying to —; several domestic servants are entitled to legacies; a sister will hear of something to her advantage if she will make herself known to her brother; a gunner, who deserted her Majesty's service in 1862, or, if dead, his next-of-kin, is interested in an Irish probate case; the heirs-at-law of several persons of unsound mind are inquired for under the Lunacy Regulation Act. A lady, who seems to have enjoyed the luxury of being married four times, is entitled to a legacy left by her sister; the heirs of a Spanish lady, an aged spinster of eighty-two, are inquired for by a Spanish court—"all those who may think they have a right to the inheritance" are invited to apply. The representatives of another lady, who died in 1809, aged ninety-four, are inquired for by

order of the High Court of Justice. The following is unique:—"A Prussian gentleman named — is supposed to have fallen overboard or leapt into the sea while on board a vessel bound for Mexico; being an expert swimmer, he may have been picked up by a passing vessel; if alive, he is implored to make known his whereabouts." The creditors of a gentleman who appears to have a *penchant* for changing his abode are invited to send in their claims; he is described as of Woolwich, Kent; Norwood, Surrey; Westbourne Grove, Middlesex; Camberwell, Surrey; Dover, Kent; and Boulogne-sur-Mer. The unknown nephews and nieces are wanted of a gentleman who died at Lisbon; a person last heard of in Queensland is entitled to the residuary estate of his brother; two sons are wanted to claim an estate left them by their father; and the father of a child left under the guardianship of a nurse is informed that his daughter died suddenly, to the great grief of the nurse. A person who left Wales in 1857 is entitled to one-third of two farms; a surplus awaits division among the owners of slaughter-houses, shambles, etc., in the neighbourhood of old Newgate Market. Unexpected assets of very large amount await the representatives of the creditors of a gentleman who died in 1740, and the next-of-kin of persons who held shares in the West New Jersey Society in 1692-3 are entitled to funds. Any lady having a servant with the initials B. B. in her employ will confer a great blessing by sending the news to her sister; a student is implored to communicate with his parents; to J. B. the joyful intelligence is conveyed "that he has been adjudged bankrupt, and may return home without fear of molestation." Lastly, Miss Zakrzewski, physician by profession, is wanted with reference to a very important family affair.—*Times*.

BANKERS' LICENCE.—The tax paid by bankers is £30 a year. In the year ended the 31st of March last the number was 1,319, and the revenue received from them £40,110.

MR. COOK, THE "EXCURSIONIST," HIS TESTIMONY ON THE SUNDAY QUESTION.—A fight has lately taken place in the Leicester Town Council on the question of opening the local museum and library, when by twenty-eight votes against fifteen it was decided to keep them closed on Sundays. After the battle Mr. Thomas Cook wrote to the "Leicester Journal" as follows:—"Robert Hall, in a letter to the Rev. E. Morgan, said, 'Once break down the barrier between the sacred and civil employment of time, and the sanctity of the Sabbath is violated; nor is it possible to know where to stop. A principle is broken in upon which is plain and determinable; nor will it be possible to assign any consistent reason for resisting a second or third encroachment which will not equally prohibit the first.' Viewing from this standpoint the decision of the Leicester Town Council, I cannot forbear to write a note of congratulation to the working men of the town. I read with much interest reports of the speeches. Some references to Continental Sunday practice were erroneous in argument and fact, and these tendencies were in direct hostility to the interest, comfort, and independence of what is generally understood by the working class population. I speak what I know, and 'testify what I have seen' in many countries of Continental Europe, and of regions more remote, where Sunday, not observed as a day of rest, is one of weary, unmitigated toil, or of wild excitement or excess."

AGRICULTURAL REPORTS AND ANALYSES.—Mr. H. W. Jenkins, secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, writes that, "For 5s. a member of the Society can obtain 'A report on the purity (the amount and nature of foreign materials), the perfectness, and the germinating power of a sample of seeds.' For 10s., a member may obtain 'A detailed report on the weight, the purity, the perfectness, and the germinating power of a sample of seeds, with a special description of the weeds and other foreign materials contained in it.' Therefore, farmers who are not sufficiently skilful or patient to test seeds for themselves can have a test made by a scientific man at a nominal expense. If they do not avail themselves of the aid thus put within their reach the fault is theirs." At the College of Chemistry, in Oxford Street, a report on manures or on soils can also be obtained at trifling expense.

KING'S LANGLEY.—In the church of King's Langley, Herts, the remains have been lately discovered of Edmund de Langley, his wife, Isabel of Castile, and their daughter Constance. The discovery is of a singularly interesting nature, when we bear in mind that Edmund de Langley—the fifth son of Edward III, and founder of the House of York, as John of Gaunt, the fourth son, was of the House of Lancaster—was a direct lineal ancestor of Her Majesty the Queen."